

Result School Exams Separate Public & High

The following are the results of the closing term examinations at the Blessed Sacrament school:

GRADE XII--
Mary Jones, G2, L4, C4, H of E L.

H4; June Keen, L4, C4, H4. H of E L, T, Ag 1, C D; Elva Sardoff, H4, F3; Josephine Slavik, L4, C4, C D, H4, T, Ar 1, Lat 1; Margaret Tomlie, L4, C4, H4, G2, C D; Class average, 85.1 per cent. Reports are not yet to hand for other pupils in this grade.

GRADE XI—
Margaret Cottrell, L3, H2, Ar 1
Ag 2, F2, G2; Victor Goulet, C D, H3,
Ag 2, Lat 1; Betty DeGrace, L3, C3,
H2, Ag 2, F2, G2, C D; Kathleen
Noonan, C D, Al 2; Howard Riddle,
C3, Ar 1, Ag 2, G2, Lat 1, C D; Vera
Sardoff, Ar 1, Ag 2, F2, G2; Mae
Tolmie, C D, G1, Al 2; Marie Ruzicka,
L2, C2, C D, G2, H2, Ar 1, Ag 2. Class
average 71.1 per cent.

GRADE X.—
Helen Embree, L, C, H, G1, F2;
Marie Kraft, L, C, H1, G1, S1, A1

2. H2, C D; Robert Lewis, L, C, H,
G, S, Al 2; Lucille McGarvey, L, C,
H, G1, Al 1, C D; Roy Tolmie, C1, G1,
H2, Lat 1, C D; Norene Derouin, L,
C, H, G1, S1, Al 2, Ag 2, C D; Mary
Latch C D, L, C, H, G, S, F2, Ag 2;
Edward O'Callaghan, C D, L, C, H,
G1, S1, F2, Ag 2, Al 2. Class average,
95 per cent.

GRADE IX—
V. Desjardins, CD, L, C; Class Detrich

V. Davidson, C D, L. C., Clara Detrich,
L, C, H, Al, G, S, F, C, D; Ethel Dol-
lan, L, C, Al, S, C, D; Clara Dupre,
C, Al, F, C, D; Leopold Dupre, L, C,
S, F, C, D; Victor Dupuis, C D, Al, S,
Lat 1, H; Florence Latch, L, C,
C D, H, Al, G, S, F; James Lewis,
L, C, H, Lat, Al, S; Estelle Michon,
L, C, H, Al, S, F, C, D; Patricia
O'Callaghan, C D, L, C, H, Al,
G, S; Margaret Riddle, C D, L, C, H,
Al, C, S, F; Helen Tobias, L, C, H,

Al, G, S, F, Helen Tomme, L, C, H, Al, G, S, F, C, D; Betty Keen, L, C, Al, G, S, F, C, D. Class average, 85.1 per cent.

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Genevieve Hennessy, Eileen Hennessy and Beatrice Carroll all passed

The general average of the whole school in senior grades was 84.6 per cent.

Legend—The initials as shown a-

bove are: C D, Christian doctrine; G, geometry; L, literature; C, composition; H of E L, history of English literature; H, history; T, trigonom-

The following pupils have passed on to the grades as shown:

Grade IX.—Catherine DeGrace (honors), Lois Davignon (honors).
Marie Leroux, Joseph Carroll.
Grade VIII.—Francis Buhl (honors), Virginia Blisson (recommended).
Grade VII.—Jean O'Callaghan (honors), Mabel Buhl (honors), Anton Hoopalyk, Harry Latch (recom).

Grade VI.—Mary O'Callaghan (honors), Tom Martin (honors), Rita Goulet (honors), Mary Buhl (honors), Morris Dupre, Edmund Meyers, Julian Blason, Eva Briault, Mildred Latch, Joseph Meyer, Leonard Leroux (recom), Katharine Kwasnica.

Grade V.—Irene Brassard (honors), Ada Latch (honors), Patricia Grogan (honors), Eileen Davignon (honors), Stephen Kwasnica (honors), Olga

Hoopalyk (honors), Ernest Leroux
Winnifred Grogan, Loraine Bisson
Frances Stinert, Homer Bisson, Ste-
phen Buhl, Frances Hoopalyk, Alma

(Continued on page four)

Interest Revived For Fossil Fuel Sources

Finish Senator Wel

**DRILLING TO BE RESUMED ON
McINTEE PROPERTY AT
GREENSHIELDS**

According to a story appearing in a recent issue of the Western Examiner of Calgary, the Senator Oil and Gas Development Co. of Ottawa, is reported to be completing a \$100,000

sale of treasury stock, with a Chicago house, and plans to complete the

There is a pooling arrangement in connection with the financing, in which some 3500 of the present shareholders are participating.

holders are interested. At a meeting held July 10 the directors authorized the issue of a first lien redemption coupon bond, in three series of \$5, \$100, \$500 and \$1000 denomination.

Coupons of these bonds will be payable from a special fund to be created out of 25 per cent of the gross receipts from the operation of any and all properties.

The Watch Tower

Bible Lecture Contributed by Jehovah's Witnesses

REDEMPTION
By Judge Rutherford

Jesus is the Son of Jehovah God. He was the beginning of God's creation and thereafter God used Him as His active agent in the creation of all things. In the beginning His name was Logos. Jehovah by the exercise of His miraculous power caused the Logos to become a man and called His name Jesus, which means that He is the Savior of the world. The chief purpose of Jesus being born a man and coming to earth was that He might vindicate Jehovah's name. God made Jesus His witness to the truth, meaning that Jesus must bear testimony before men of the world. When He was thirty years of age He began to go about amongst the people telling them the truth. He was hated by the Devil and the clergy because He told the truth.

The secondary purpose of Jesus becoming a man was that He might be the Redeemer or the Savior of the human race from sin and death and afford man opportunity to live. All the human family are the offspring of the imperfect Adam, but it was the perfect man Adam who violated God's law and was sentenced to death.

God must be consistent; therefore He could not reverse His judgment and annul the sentence. His law upon which the judgment was based required the life of the perfect man. God could be consistent, however, and permit another perfect man to pay the death penalty in the place and stead of Adam and to thereby provide means for Adam and all of his offspring to be released from death and the effects thereof. An angel could not redeem or buy the right to human life, because an angel is greater than

a man. Nothing but a perfect man could give his life a ransom or corresponding price for perfect Adam; therefore God caused Jesus to be made a man and in the likeness of sinful man in order that He might meet the requirements of God's law in the place and stead of Adam. For this reason it was written in Hebrew 2:9: "But lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor: that he by the Grace of God should taste death for every man." This shows that the death of Jesus may result to the benefit of every man.

Jehovah God was under no obligation to provide redemption for man, but His love for man prompted Him to do so; therefore it is written: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16) No person can believe a thing until he first has some knowledge of that thing. Men must learn that Jesus is the Redeemer of mankind. In order to give this information to man God has caused the truth to be told or preached by other faithful men from the day of Jesus until now. It is the will of God that the people so told about Jesus as the Redeemer, that they might accept Him as their Savior; therefore it is written in the Scriptures: "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" (Romans 10:13, 14) It is for the benefit of the men who desire to be saved that the truth is preached to the people. If anyone claims to preach the

gospel but, instead of doing so, teaches the doctrines of men and receives money therefor, he is doing a very great wrong.

Had not God made provision for this redemption of man from death and its effects the entire human race in time would perish for ever. Since nothing but the life of a perfect creature could satisfy the law of God, it follows that the one who redeems man must do so with his own lifeblood; hence it is written concerning the redemption of men: "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, (such as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood . . . of Christ." (1 Peter 1:18, 19) Jesus Christ, by the will of God, having purchased the human race by His own blood, the race belongs to Jesus to do with mankind according to the will of God; therefore it is written that Jehovah said of Jesus: "As for me, and I shall give thee the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."—Psalm 2:8. To keep man in ignorance of redemption Satan causes many clergymen to teach that there is no value in the shed blood of Christ. Give no heed to their false teachings. A full explanation of this matter is set forth in the book Reconciliation. It is vital to you that you gain a knowledge of the truth as there set forth.

SLAT'S DIARY

Friday—Pa and ma including me and Ant Emmy went to see a Oprella last night and pa very pleased with my writing. Keep the Music.

Saturday—Ant Emmy was reading in the noose paper that a Astronomer had discovered a new Planet and she that there was a lot of things we needed to know about a new planet just at the present time.

Sunday—1 of pa's old college chums is coming here to spend the afternoon today. pa was a telling ma that his old college chum used to be so lazy he would pretend to be drunk so his fraternity Bros. would put him to bed at night.

Monday—Ole Mr. Crust is a going to be married to the cashier down at the Elite barber shop and ma says there is no fool like the old fool. I guess it is because they have had more practice, mobby.

Tuesday—I ma and pa tuk a drive out in the country tonite to see if we cud get sum apples and pa got to talking to a ole farmer with lives on a farm and pa ast him how long had he ben living on that farm and he se sed he had ben there thirty 3 years and he had just about dissided he diddnt like it very well.

Wednesday—Jenny Tolbert boughten her dawter a Bisykle last week and they guaranteed to replace any missing parts in side a yrll and today she went and clained three teeth and a peace of collar bone.

Thursday—Joe Etter witch lives on a 100 and 60 acre farm out across the crick says if his hot dog business keeps on growing mobby he can lift the mortgage and do sum farming becuz that is the Life for him.

Despite the frequent occurrence of heat thunderstorms, their mechanism is little known.

Mary White

A famous little classic from the Emporia Gazette.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

(One of America's best known and best loved editors, William Allen White wrote for the Emporia Gazette the following tribute to his daughter on the day of her funeral.)

"The press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it was the result of a fall from a horse. Now she would have looked at that! She never fell from a horse in her life. Horses have fallen on her and with her. 'I'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap,' she used to say. She could ride anything with four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall, but from a fractured skull, and the blow came from a limb of an overhanging tree.

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from school and felt that a star would refresh her. She climbed into bed, chattering to her mother, and hurried to get her horse and be out. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving at passers-by. She knew everyone. For a decade the little figure with the long plait and the red hair ribbon had been so familiar in Emporia. She passed the Kerrs, and waved at them; passed another friend farther off and waved at her. As she turned into Merchant Street the horse swung into a lunge. She passed a school boy friend and waved at him, but with her bride hand; the horse veered quickly, plunging into the parking where the long-hanging limb faced her, and while she still looked back waving, the blow came. But she did not fall from the horse; she slipped off, staggered and fell in a faint. She never recovered consciousness.

But she did not fall from the horse, neither was she riding fast. A year ago she used to go like the wind; but that habit was broken, and she used the horse to get fresh, hard exercise. Need for that has kept the daintiest little brown-clad figure on the country roads of this community; it built into a strong, muscular body what had been a frail and sickly frame. But the riding gave her more than a body; it released a gay and hardy soul. She was the happiest thing in the world. And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon.

She came to know all sorts and conditions of men; Charlie O'Brien, the traffic cop; and all the girls, black and white; above the track, and below the track, were among her acquaintances. She brought home riotous stories of her adventures. She loved to read; penitence was her natural expression at home; her humor was a continual bubble of joy. She was mischievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with, for she never nursed a grudge five minutes in her life. With all her eagerness for the outdoors, she loved books. On her table when she left her room were a book by Conrad, one by Galworthy and a Kipling. She read Mark Twain, Dickens and Kipling before she was ten. Within the last two years she had begun to draw. She began at first with children's drawings in her school books, funny pictures. She took a course—rather casually, naturally, for she was, after all, a child with no strong purposes—and she tasted success by having her pictures accepted by the high school Annual. But her delight when asked to do cartoons for the Normal Annual was too beautiful for words. The drawings accepted, her pride—always repayed by a sense of the ridiculous—was a gorgeous thing to see. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse, but never her car.

She used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a "party" in all her nearly 17 years—wouldn't have one; but she never drove a block in the car in her life that she didn't fill it with pick-ups. Everybody rode with Mary White—white and black, old and young. She like nothing better than to fill the car full of long-legged high school boys and an occasional girl, and parade the town. She never had a "date," nor went to a dance, except one with her brother, Bill, and the "boy proposition" didn't interest her—yet. But great spring-breaking carloads of "kids" gave her great pleasure. Her zeals were keen.

The poor she had always with her, and was glad of it. The last engagement she tried to make was to take the poor folks at the country house out for a car ride. And the last endeavor of her life was to try to get a rest room for colored girls in the high school. She found one girl reading in the toilet, because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf, and it inflamed her sense of justice and she became a nagging harpie to those who, she thought, could remedy the evil.

She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most innocent creature in the world. She joined the church because she felt the church was an agency for helping people, and she wanted to help. She never wanted help for herself. Clothes meant little to her; she never wore a jewel and never asked for

anything but a wristwatch. She refused to have her hair up, though she was nearly 17. Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up, to be a child. The tomboy in her seemed to loathe to be put away for ever in skirts. She was a Peter Pan, who refused to grow up. Her funeral was as she would have wished it; no singing, no flowers save the big bunch of red roses from her brother, Bill's, Harvard classmates. Heaven, how proud that would have made her! and the red roses from the Gazette force—in vases at her head and feet. A short prayer, Paul's beautiful essay on "Love" from the First Corinthians, some remarks about her democratic spirit by her friend, the pastor, (which she would have deprecated if she could), a prayer, and opening the service, the slow, poignant movement from Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which she loved, and closing the service the joyously melodious first movement of Tchaikowski's Pathetic Symphony which she liked on the phonograph; then the Lord's Prayer by her friends. That was all.

It would have made her smile to know that Charlie O'Brien, the traffic cop, had been transferred to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to bid her good-bye. A rift in the grey clouds threw a shaft of sunlight upon her coffin as her energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Charles E. Dunn

Amos Denounces Self-Indulgence. Lesson for August 19th. Amos 6. Golden Text: Amos 5:14.

The lesson text is a fiery denunciation of rich oppressors, who with a false sense of security, "lie upon beds of ivory" and "sing idle songs" in complete and godless indifference to the misery of the poor.

If Amos were alive today I should wish from his lips a more temperate expression of the selfishness of our wealthy magnates. But I should expect him to be searching and severe. For while the men of power today are not quite so ruthless and pleasure-loving as those of Amos' age, they are, nevertheless, the slaves of egoistic impulses. Kibbly barons we may call them who pattern their conduct after the notorious model made infamous by the feudal lords of mediaeval Europe.

One of the major factors in the present devastating depression is the striking inequality in the distribution of wealth. 200 corporations, managed by a small group of executives, control the vast business resources of our country. These corporations have been conducted with such reckless individualism that we are now in the grip of suicidal social anarchy.

There are still some 11,000,000 adult workers in the ranks of the unemployed. About 40 per cent. of the farms in the country are mortgaged; these mortgages composing the major item in a colossal farm debt of eleven and a half billions. Over a million persons without homes are wandering about the country like waifs.

And yet there are many who squander unearned fortunes in luxurious ease and even glided vice. In the face of appalling need there are profiteers still able to pile up wealth for showy display. To be sure, many men of large holdings are conscientiously disposed to dispose of their property for the largest public good. But there are enough unscrupulous capitalists to justify another Amos.

When salting cucumbers, a layer of dill and a handful of mixed spice may be piled on the bottom and top of the crock.

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THE MONOPOLY OF CREDIT

By HERBERT C. BOYD

"Quack Doctor."

We frequently read in the press that President Roosevelt is surrounded by advisers, some of whom, commonly known as "brain trusts", may be selected by himself, while others are volunteers. They can be divided into two broad classes; first, those of the orthodox school, who hold by the old dogmas, take their stand upon "sound money", which they seldom define, but which is generally regarded as being based upon metal, preferably gold, as something having a real value in itself, something which will be accepted by the world over, who hold, moreover, that there is nothing inherently wrong in our economic system, which has been tested by experience, and that if during recent years it has failed to work, the failure is due not to inherent defects, but to extraneous causes. Such as tariffs, embargoes, the aftermath of war, and the world-wide overproduction of goods. And second, there are the monetary reformers who believe that the collapse of commerce has its roots in the monetary system, and that is failure to function is due to a fundamental defect in the system itself. And of the latter school it has been said that it is subdivided into warring factions, and it shades off into the lunatic fringe of the enthusiasts with their fanciful theories, patent cures and so forth. Those of the former school dispose of the latter not so much by logic or a critical examination of the methods proposed, as by a species of pontifical authority; those in power are alone in possession of the arcana of finance; all others are below the dignity of argument and can be disposed of by such withering terms as faddists, charlatans and quack doctors.

Now the history of medicine suggests that there is great danger in the use of such names, to those who use them, not to those to whom they are applied. For until quite modern times the history of medicine is the history of empiricism. The curative remedies employed a century ago have long been discarded, and the fashionable physician in the early part of Queen Victoria's reign would now be regarded as a quack. What doctor would now prescribe the promiscuous use of leeches or blood-letting in all cases? Not only can this be said of medicine. It is true of all knowledge. Every great prophet and reformer, when he clashed with vested interests, has been scorned and denounced by the pontifical authority of his age.

One has only to mention the names of Socrates in philosophy, Jesus of Nazareth and Luther in religion, and Galileo and Darwin in science. When Galileo published the proof of the Copernican theory of the Solar system, that the earth moved around the sun, he was compelled by the Inquisition to recant, although, in doing so he uttered, below his breath, the famous words "E pur si muove!" (But still it moves).

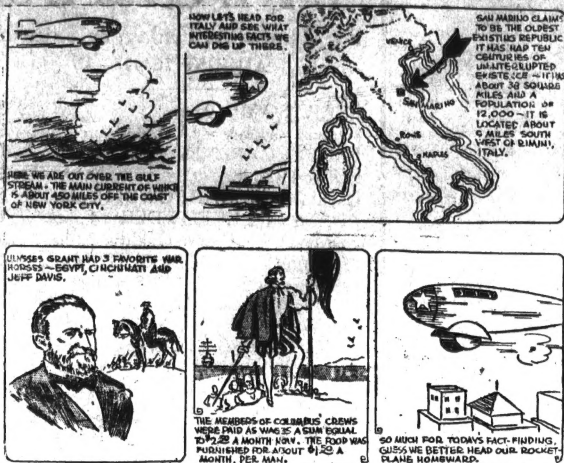
Therefore, when orthodox economists from the seats of authority, prescribe those who question the soundness of our money system in the light of the lamentable mass in which the world now lies, one is compelled in turn to enquire on what proved basis the dogmas of the system rest. The Bank of Nova Scotia quite recently, in its September Monthly Review, acknowledged that in most of the economic dogmas had been adopted "in the selfish interests of the ruling class. The gold standard, it says, was neither devised nor welcomed by democracy. These dogmas are mere conventions or working rules, adopted

over a century ago, in the pre-industrial era, under widely different world conditions. Now, owing to the progress of science and the application of modern invention to industry, the world has moved into a new age. Mechanical power has displaced human labour by the million. New methods have disrupted old industrial and trade processes. Hon. Walter Elliott has recently given us some startling examples.

But the economists and financiers who control the economic system shut their eyes to these facts. They still speak of "the insatiable law" of economics, knowing full well that they are not laws at all. They ignore the age of abundance on which man has entered, necessitating a commensurate increase in the money surplus of the world, and continue to base our methods on the "insatiable law" of economics, knowing full well that they are not laws at all. They ignore the age of abundance on which man has entered, necessitating a commensurate increase in the money surplus of the world, and continue to base our methods on the "insatiable law" of economics, knowing full well that they are not laws at all. They ignore the age of abundance on which man has entered, necessitating a commensurate increase in the money surplus of the world, and continue to base our methods on the "insatiable law" of economics, knowing full well that they are not laws at all. 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The Fact Finders

By Ed. Kressy



The FAMILY DOCTOR

by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES M.D.

BITES AND STINGS

In hot weather, when people are much out of doors, with children playing on the grass, wounds of a varying degree of severity are common. Spider bites always produce more or less terror for mothers, such insects being considered particularly venomous. I can remember when death from some unknown cause was attributed to the sting of a venomous spider. All guess work.

In these modern times, it is easy to obtain good professional attention and it is always the wisest thing to do. A small bottle of Spirit of Ammonia is a good thing to take along on your picnic; it is a good application for the sting of any flying insect, such as bees, wasps, yellow-jackets, etc. The wound should be kept wet with the ammonia solution, until the pain is gone.

I never advise gouging around an insect sting with any sort of household instrument; you are as likely to

spread infection as you are to correct it. We have—or at least I have—revised my ideas of procedure in bites and stings of insects, and I believe I have no regrets with the change.

It doesn't do any harm to bathe an insect wound with soap and water, especially if the site be dusty or on a perspiring surface. And then—if you are fortunate to have the kind of emergency remedies with you—a bottle of Tincture of Iodine. It is a good application in all cases, regardless of their origin. Your doctor will tell you the same, as soon as he arrives—if you call him.

Do you remember when the "family almanac" sagely advised that we remove bee stings by pressing the wound with a watch-key? The crudity—the horror of it! Watches required keys to wind them in those days.

There are two grades for crab apples grown in Canada, intended for sale when packed in closed standard packages, namely, "Fancy" and "C".

VERY LATEST

By Mary Marshall



Designed in Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 44 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material with 1/2 yard contrasting.

SLENDER LINES

Pattern 8250—Comfortable, easy to wear, smart and easy to look at—such is the dress pictured here. And we must add one more easy—it is very simple to make. The wide revers falling in soft folds and surprise closing make it good style and comfortable to wear and the straight lines of the skirt make it slenderizing.

A cotton voile or printed silk could be used in developing this pattern with a white organza edging, the revers and sleeve trimming. And the construction has been all figured out and given you in the Step by Step Sewing instructions.

For PATTERN, send 15 cents in coin (for each pattern desired), your NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER and SIZE to Patricia Dow, (Wainwright Star) Pattern Dept., 115 Fifth Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hot weather has a depressing effect on the consumption and quality of eggs, but during the hot weather spell this year, whether through better methods of handling on the farms or quicker dispatch to the markets, complaints have been distinctly less than in previous years.

Experimental Farms News

CANADIAN HORSES FOR ABROAD

The intensive efforts of the Dominion Department of Agriculture in the past in creating breeding stations for horses, particularly of the saddle type, are now being duly appreciated by other nations, and it would appear that at least a great horse industry may arise from the foundation so well and truly laid by the Dominion Live Stock Branch, by the Experimental Farms, and other associated divisions of the Department. Recently there have been several shipments of horses abroad. Seventeen Canadian half-bred saddle horses have just arrived at Bridgetown, Barbados, British West Indies, for the Barbados police. This shipment constitutes the second purchase of Canadian saddle horses by the Barbados government for its police force within a year. Several months ago 15 horses were shipped and gave such eminent satisfaction that the additional order referred to was the result. The second shipment to Barbados was purchased from the breeding stations at Alisa Craig and Brampton, Ontario. The horses are bays, browns, and chestnuts, standing from 15 hands to 16 hands high and sired by thoroughbred stallions.

Several inquiries have been received during the past few months from other countries for various types of horses raised in Canada. A few weeks ago 10 draft horses were sent to Scotland where they have given the utmost satisfaction, particular notice having been taken of their excellent all-around appearance. Nine of these horses, all grade Percherons, were from Western Canada, having an average weight of 1700 lbs. Ten of the horses, three of them Clydesdales, hauled from Western Ontario, the heaviest horse being 1920 lbs. About the same time a trial shipment of 12 Clydesdales was shipped to Chester, England, and recent satisfactory reports have been received.

AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT

The increasing demands upon the various branches and divisions of the Dominion Department of Agriculture for that kind of information that only scientific research can supply have become so insistent that it became evident for administration and economic reasons that a director of research should be appointed. Consequently, Dr. J. M. Swaine who since 1923 has been Associate Dominion Entomological Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture, has been appointed to this important position. The appointment calls for the co-ordination of the research work within the Department of Agriculture with that of other organizations and institutions. The work within the department itself is very varied and extensive and has been the means of

helping Canadian agriculture and placing it in the forefront of the agricultural nations of the world. To crystallize this enviable position, Dr. Swaine will give special attention to research work as a whole within the Department and to relations between the workers, so that, while the high level of utility may be retained, certain economies will be effected at the same time. Dr. Swaine is one of Canada's scientists of highest standing.

WHEN TO CUT GRAIN

Successive daily cuttings of Reward and Marquis wheat, commencing when the grain is in the early-dough stage and continuing until a week after maturity, have been made for four years at the Beaverlodge Experimental Substation in a study of the best time at which to cut wheat. To date the results have varied somewhat with the season but on the whole have indicated that wheat can be cut when in the late-dough or hard stage with only a loss of yield or grade. Earlier takes have stood some loss. Later cuttings have maintained both yield and grade providing the weather conditions were satisfactory. Most farmers want the grain in the stock as soon as possible, especially if the variety is prone to shatter. Very early cutting must result in some loss in yield and reduction of grade, although often a combination of conditions seems to give warrant to the act. Possibly just as often the result is a heavier sample, less yield and a reduced grading. Something depends upon the variety and a good deal upon the frostiness or otherwise of the particular field. There is a striking contrast between the average farm sample and samples of well matured grain. One cause of uneven colour is a lack of uniformity in the kernels and kernels showing "pink" bran, is a mixture of types or varieties. Pure seed work tends to avoid this difficulty and registered grain is produced to mature evenly.

Outs for commercial grain production should be well coloured before being cut, but some maltsters will prefer barley cut a little on the green side. Flax withstands autumn frost fairly well and should be left until quite ripe. Field peas need to be well matured.

Grape Marmalade

Wash grapes, remove stems, and separate pulp from skins. Put pulp in saucepan and cook slowly until seeds separate easily, then rub through a fine sieve. Measure pulp, add an equal measure of sugar, and cook slowly thirty minutes, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Put in sterilized jars.

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Health Service

OF THE

Canadian Medical Association

GRANT FLEMING, M.D. — ASSOCIATE SECRETARY

PERIODIC HEALTH EXAMINATIONS

Those who first suggest a new procedure are apt to find their suggestion either ignored or ridiculed. This was what happened when, back in 1861, Dr. Horace Dobell expressed the idea of a periodic health examination, and no one apparently paid any attention to his proposal. Nevertheless, the seed which he sowed did not die and in later years it took root and today is bearing some fruit.

The periodic health examination of the apparently well person has certain objectives. These objectives are based upon an understanding of existing conditions. Many people are living at a low standard of fitness because their bodies are not functioning properly; many others are harbouring unsuspected disease which may be and likely is undermining their health; still others fail to enjoy the full measure of physical and mental health which might be theirs if they lived a hygienic life. In other words, efficiency, effectiveness, happiness, and even life itself are endangered through the individual's ignorance of his own body conditions and needs.

Ignorance is banished through the periodic health examination which reveals any abnormal functioning, unsuspected disease, and undesirable

habits of life of the individual. The examination is first of all revealing, and, having disclosed the truth, it allows for faults to be corrected, disease treated, and a hygienic life planned in accordance with individual needs.

This form of health supervision has been on an individual basis because, as individuals, we differ from each other; our heredity is different. We can say that everyone should use pasteurized milk, because it is the only safe milk, as part of a balanced diet. We can add that all require rest, exercise, fresh air and sunshine. But we do not all need, nor would we profit by exactly the same routine of life.

There are those who criticize the periodic health examination on the grounds that it focuses an unhealthy interest on the body. It is difficult to believe that blase ignorance is to be preferred to a proper understanding. Ignorance leads to much more that is undesirable than does understanding. The periodic health examination, followed by helpful advice and a clear explanation, will banish many fears which now make life miserable and uncertain.

If you are looking for a ground-floor investment, watch your step.

THE BOOK

by BRUCE BARTON

"The Holy Bible"

A MASTER GATHERS PUPILS

To all the temptations Jesus answered, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and He emerged from the wilderness with a clear-cut picture of His mission and His program. He saw very quickly that He could not adopt

John's methods. John was an ascetic, a reformer, a denouncer. Jesus was fond of people, loved social life and liked to be in a crowd. John said, "Flee from the wrath to come." Jesus said "God is your Father, and has made the world as a happy place for His children." The two messages were complementary, but while the friendship of the cousins was firm and their respect for each other deep and true, they were utterly unlike in personality. Each must speak the truth as he saw it and in his own chosen way.

It was an age when philosophers in cities like Athens and religious teachers in Palestine moved about out-of-doors and gathered as they went.

It is interesting to remember that the name by which Jesus most liked to be called was "Master," not a master of servants but a master of pupils, a schoolmaster. And the name He gave to His associates, "disciples," means simply "pupils."

The story of the way in which He gathered these men is full of interest. He seemed to have no studied method. "As Jesus passed by," He called one and another, saying,

"Follow me," and the man who was called left his fishing, or whatever he was doing, and followed instantly. The significant thing to remember is His amazing faith in plain ordinary folk. He did not look over the Blue Book or the Directory of Directories, saying to Himself, "This is the most important mission that any one ever undertook; I must have the very best and ablest helpers." On the contrary, it was almost as though He said, "I can pick up about a dozen honest chaps who are physically strong enough to stand hardships and simple enough to let their faith carry them beyond intellectual doubts. I can trust this message of mine to their keeping, and feel sure that it will never die out."

That supreme confidence in common humanity sets Jesus apart from most other leaders who have attempted great things, and the magnificent way in which His faith was justified is one of the finest proofs of His divinity. It will be worth while to look briefly at these pupils of His. How many of us know anything at all about them, or could even write a list of their names? The first two of the permanent disciples were John, the son of Zebedee (with whom was afterward associated his brother, James), and Andrew. Andrew was apparently the sort of man who likes to discover good things and then to a brother or to some one else with more initiative than himself. That is the fate of many of the world's most useful characters.

The crop of Montmorency cherries just ended in Ontario was 50 per cent of last year's production.

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In Church and Lodge Circles

St. Thomas' Church

(Anglican)

SERVICES

8 a.m.—Holy Communion each Sunday.
11 a.m.—Choral Communion, alternate Sundays.
10 a.m.—Sunday School.
7:30 p.m.—Evening Prayer.

Baptisms, Weddings and Funerals by Arrangement with Chas. N. Bateman (vicar).

United Church of Canada

Rev. T. Edgar Armstrong, B.A., B.D.

Minister

11:00 a.m.—Public Worship.
12:00 noon—Sunday School.
7:30 p.m.—Public worship.

First Sunday—
3:30 p.m.—Grangedale.

Third Sunday—
3:30 p.m.—Masco.

Second and Fourth Sundays—
10:00 a.m.—Fabyan.

3:00 p.m.—Greenhilda.

We invite you to worship. Come and follow in thought what Jesus did to bring life to men.

Blessed Sacrament Church



Rev. Hugo Doyle, P.P.
Rev. J. McGrane, asst.

11 a.m.—Wainwright.

Presbyterian Church

Rev. W. S. Brooker, Minister

WAINWRIGHT ALBERTA

Regular Lord's Day service every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock also in the evening at 7:30. Prayer service every Thursday evening at 8 p.m.
12:15—Sunday School Classes, for all ages.

ALL ARE WELCOME

John Barrymore At Elite This Week

John Barrymore adds more laurels to his fame in the M-G-M talkie "Reunion in Vienna" which will be shown at the Elite theatre this week end. He is faced by Diana Wynward, who played the leading female role in "Cavalcade."

This play from the book of the same title ran for several weeks on Broadway, and is the picture version of a highly successful and much-talked-of production, the context of which has been rather rigidly adhered to by the M-G-M studios.

It deals in a dramatic way with an old Viennese family's struggle against the tide of socialism, and the added touch of comedy will make it all the more acceptable to play-goers.

A day off is usually followed by an off day.



WAINWRIGHT LODGE No. 45

Meets every Monday Night at

EIGHT P.M. in I.O.O.F. Hall,

Third Avenue, Wainwright.

Visiting Brothers Always Welcome

L. Mitchell, N.G.

T. Linsmore, E.S.

A. Sowers, P.S.

Adeline Robekah Lodge,

No. 54

I. O. O. F.

Meets First and Third Thursdays

of Each Month in I.O.O.F. Hall on

Third Avenue.

Miss M. Prosser, N.G.

Miss B. Love, E.S.

Mrs. M. Morris, P.S.

A cordial welcome is extended to

All Members of the Degree when

visiting in Town.

Heath Gospel Mission

Sunday School for all each Sunday

at 2 p.m.

Regular Gospel service each Sun-

day at 3 p.m.

Lively Young People's service

Friday at 8 p.m.

In The Mail Bag

We are not responsible for opinions

expressed by our correspondents.

MORE STRICT ENFORCEMENT OF

WEED ACT NEEDED

The Editor,

Dear Sir: Times change and prices

vary. Depressions come and some-

times go. But the weeds are becom-

ing more of a menace each year and

time seems to give us greater num-

bers each year. Many of the farm-

ers seem disinterested and object to

doing the necessary work to effect

weed control and eradication. Others,

realizing the necessity of control

and eradication are doing splendid

work in their fight against the weeds

only to be reseeded again by weeds

from an indifferent neighbour.

I have noticed that there has been

considerable increase in the weeds

since 1930. The prime responsibility

for this lies with the careless farmers,

but I am of the opinion that some of

it may be blamed to the weed-inspec-

tion system. I fear, as weed-inspec-

tors, we have lacked severity. We

have been guilty of using too much

diplomacy, and in trying to be fair

and give a man every chance, he has

taken advantage of us. We have al-

ready listened to too many excuses,

and should we hope to ever make an

impression upon the increasing hordes

of weed, we can no longer continue

in this manner.

I am recommending that every

weed-inspector do more prosecuting.

When a farmer fails to carry out the

lawful orders of a weed inspector

within the time given, he should

be prosecuted immediately, and pro-

secution should continue as long as

he refuses. We have a good Weed

Act and with more enforcement, I

sincerely believe that we can effect

better control and more eradication

of weeds which will result in more

security for those farmers who are

attempting to keep their farms clean.

P. D. HUXLEY,

Field Supervisor, Wainwright.

There isn't much to talk about at

some parties until after one or two

couples leave.

AMONG THE OLD-TIMERS

"REMINISCENCES OF OTHER DAYS"

20 YEARS AGO

Honor was brought to Wainwright last week when Mr. Archie McLean obtained the grand championship prize for shire class horses at the Edmonton exhibition and when Mr. Robert Mills obtained the grand championship prize for his Hereford cattle.

"Silent" Newport is now back in Wainwright convalescing from an attack of bog fever for which he has been in the Royal Alexandra hospital in Edmonton for the past few months.

In the place of Mr. Trenouth of the Union bank here Mr. J. R. Lowe will become teller-accountant.

Mr. W. Manning's house five miles north of Edgerton, was completely destroyed by fire when it was struck by lightning last week during one of the worst electrical storms that has been witnessed here for many years.

Two of the Dalgren boys closely escaped death on Sunday when they were hit by flying shot from the guns of duck hunters as they were riding over their father's farm. Both are suffering from wounds in the side and forehead. Besides being careless these hunters if found will be charged with the serious offence of shooting on Sunday which is strictly forbidden.

The new house that is being erected on second avenue is for Mr. George Primrose, and the family will reside there upon its completion.

One young man was suffocated and a triple fatality narrowly averted by Arthur Betty who saved two of the Massey boys from being completely overcome by gas fumes at the bottom of a well on the Massey farm north-west of town. This tragedy occurred close to the place where George Smith's son met the same fate some years ago.

After a year's residence in town Mr. Bert Ford has now moved back to the farm and will be addressed at Heath from now on.

Mr. Angus McQuaker has now completed the erection of a dandy new barn for the Fabyan school board on the school grounds.

Mr. Lismon Blison has now completed the erection of a new house at the same spot upon which his home stood before the fire which completely destroyed it recently.

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10 YEARS AGO

Mr. Roy Smith sprained his back badly when he slipped and fell on one of the big bits at the B.P. well. He is now feeling much better, but is still under the doctor's care.

Another old-timer in the person of Mr. J. R. Crampson passed away on August 17, 1924. Mr. Crampson had been suffering for some seven months from the effects of an accident which occurred to him while working at the roundhouse. His body was laid to rest in the Wainwright cemetery.

While taking her horse to pasture Alberta Casper hid the misfortune to be killed by the animal and is now in hospital. She is progressing very nicely under the care of Mrs. Horne.

En route to Prince Rupert, B.C., Mr. W. H. Chapman of New Orleans passed through town yesterday. He is 75 years of age and is fulfilling a wager that he will walk from his native city to Prince Rupert in three years time. If he wins the bet he will win \$10,000.

Tool-dresser Jack Hayden, one of the B.P. employees, is suffering from coal-gas poisoning, which attacked him while working at the well last week.

An unfortunate accident occurred at the Alma market when Eddie Gehring dropped a large knife on his foot, which was badly cut. The wound is healing as quickly as can be expected but the victim will not be able to stand on that foot for a week or so.

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Sasko-Wain. Holds Ann. General Meet Saskatoon

We have been favored with a copy of the official minutes of the annual general meeting of the Sasko-Wainwright Oil and Gas Co. which was held recently in the city of Saskatoon, when several of our Wainwright folks were immediately interested in this venture were present. The official minutes follow:

The seventh annual general meeting of the Sasko-Wainwright Oil and Gas Ltd., was held at the I.O.O.F. hall in the city of Saskatoon Friday the 27th day of July in the afternoon, 1934.

The President, Mr. G. C. Shier of Colonsay, presided and the meeting was opened at 2 o'clock p.m.

The minutes of the last annual general meeting held in Saskatoon July 29th, 1933, were read by the Secretary G. A. W. Brathwaite and on motion of Carl Granstrom and A. H. Gardiner were approved and accepted.

The matter of the date of the annual meeting was considered and it was moved by A. H. Gardiner and seconded by P. G. Brown that the annual meeting in 1935 be held during Fair week, the day of the week to be set by the executive committee.—Motion carried.

Motion by P. Leach and C. J. Nelson that each shareholder receive with the notice of the annual meeting a statement of accounts of the Co. together with the Auditor's Certificate and balance sheet.

Amendment by J. C. McLeod and W. J. Johnson, that one hundred copies be procured to be distributed among the shareholders attending the next annual meeting. The amendment, on a vote being taken, carried.

The Directors' annual report and the annual statement of accounts and balance sheet and the Auditor's report thereon were read by the Secretary and on motion of A. H. Gardiner and Carl Granstrom were approved and passed by the meeting, carried.

The two special matters mentioned in the notice of the meeting, that is, Passing of a by-law removing the head office from Wainwright to Saskatoon and the offer of J. W. Fraser to purchase a portion of the Company's five acre plot at Wainwright, were considered.

Motion A. H. Gardiner and P. G. Brown the by-law changing the head office was approved.

Mr. J. W. Fraser presented his offer to purchase the said land and after several had expressed their opinions it was moved by A. H. Gardiner and seconded by C. H. Spencer and resolved that the offer of J. W. Fraser to purchase 180 feet off the north end of the Company's five acres on which their oil well No. one is situated be accepted, the Company to reserve the water well and access thereto.

After some more discussion an amendment was moved by J. W. Fraser and Carl Granstrom, that the motion be tabled until the next annual meeting.

Motion, A. H. Gardiner and C. J. Nelson that notice be given at the proper time prior to the next annual general meeting that change of Auditor be made.—Carried.

Election of three Directors was then taken. The retiring Directors were J. C. McLeod, C. H. Spencer and G. A. W. Brathwaite.

The following were nominated: J. C. McLeod, C. Granstrom and W. J. Johnson; A. H. Gardiner by J. W. Fraser and C. J. Nelson; G. A. W. Brathwaite by J. C. Morton and Mr. Stewart; C. H. Spencer by A. H. Gardiner and J. W. Fraser; Paul Leach by P. G. Campbell and P. G. Brown.

Motion: Carl Granstrom and P. G. Brown that nominations close.—Carried.

On a ballot being taken, J. C. Morton and W. J. Johnson acting as Scrutineers the following were elected to fill the vacancies on the board for two years: J. C. McLeod, C. H. Spencer and G. A. W. Brathwaite.

On motion G. A. W. Brathwaite and C. J. Nelson the meeting adjourned.

Mr. H. Dowling spent Sunday with relatives at Dolcy.

Miss Janet Croteau returned to her home on Tuesday after being away a month at Legal, Banff, etc.

Harold Stadsbaug is having a holiday with Master Amos Church.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Seabrook had visitors on Sunday when Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Carl, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Mackay visited them.

Mr. A. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. F. Duncan and family, Mr. and Mrs. F. Church, Amos Church, Harold Stadsbaug, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodward, all spent Tuesday at Mott lake.

A very pleasant time was spent on Wednesday when several of the neighbors gathered at the Glenn farm for a picnic by the river. The ice-cream and other goodies was enjoyed by all, and everybody reported a real good time.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Seabrook, Mrs. G. C. and Mr. W. Lamb were guests on Friday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Goddard at Gilt Edge.

SLIGO

We were all very sorry to hear of Mrs. Burnett's illness and wish her better.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Ferguson paid a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Reynolds last week.

The local ball team played a return game with the Pelican ball team last Sunday and was successful in winning the game.

Mrs. Alfred Redmond has had as her guests Mr. and Mrs. W. Rogers, Mr. Unwin and his son.

Mr. H. E.

TRAIL'S END



SYNOPSIS

Three weeks after a cream colored roadster had been found wrecked in the sea at the foot of a cliff, a girl calling herself Anne Cushing appears at the desert town Marston. She has bought, sight unseen, a ranch located thirty miles away. Barry Duane, her nearest neighbor and his man Boone Petry procure a reliable woman for her and in Barry's car, loaded down with supplies, they start across the desert. In Marston her reticence has aroused suspicion. Barry and Anne become more than neighbors, and when Anne is lost in the hills and rescued by Barry, each realizes that something more than friendship exists between them.

"They were married at Trail's End. It was the quietest of weddings, with only Martha Larrabee and Boone Petry there, and the minister from the larger town beyond Marston. Wild flowers banked the fireplace and nodded from the old table. Martha was blinking the tears back and thinking that she had never seen the child look so lovely. Barry was a bit nervous. In another hour everyone but Martha had gone."

"It does seem queer, never a line from friends or folks, even when she's getting married. And she tags out of her coat and things. It beats me—but nobody can tell me there's anything wrong about her, anyway. I've lived with her."

Barry was pacing slowly up and down the long veranda; Anne was dressing for her first dinner at home. Her one evening dress was there, a simple, shimmering thing in pale gold.

Votes drifted up to her from below. "You'd better go to Marston tomorrow morning and see if there's any mail, Petry. I'm expecting a letter."

"Sure will. I was going to slip off anyway, first thing," Petry's voice sounded apologetic. "Got to own up to something, I guess. You gave me a letter to mail pret' near a week ago, and it must've slipped down behind that old rug on the back seat and I never missed it when I picked up the others."

"Oh! . . . I see." There was a perceptible pause. "Well, it can't be helped. You'd better put an air mail stamp on it, and I'll have another note ready to explain the delay."

Anne adjusted a shoulder strap, patted her hair and surveyed the result in the mirror.

Fingers beat a light tattoo on the door. Barry came in. He said "Hew!" softly.

"Is this what you dangle me with, Nancy, before I've been married three hours?"

"Nancy!" She looked startled. "You never called me that before."

"I don't know any better time to begin. It suits you better than Anne. You're sweet, Nancy."

The soft notes of the gong were sounding through the house. Barry tucked her arm in his. "Come on. Mrs. Duane, and sit at the head of your table."

Petry did not start for Marston until late afternoon. It seemed to be one of those days when one thing or another goes wrong, and he insisted on attending to them himself.

The evening meal was over before Petry came tramping up the veranda

steps. "Tire blew out on the way back," he explained. "Here's a telegram for you, Barry. It came in just before I left town."

Barry opened the telegram, and his face clouded with sudden anxiety. "I'm sorry," he looked apologetically at Anne. "I'm afraid we shall have to shorten the honeymoon a little. My mother wires me that she hasn't been well. I'm afraid we'll have to start for home in a day or so."

"Home!" Her heart was ice. "But Barry, I thought this was home!"

"It is, for half of every year, and I've lived here so much that this seems more like my home than the real one. That is back East, about an hour out of New York. Perhaps you ought to have told you before, but I was keeping it for a little surprise. Why Nancy, you lovely little thing! Do you think I married you to let you be buried here in a lonely mountain valley from one year's end to the other?"

"But I love it here!" Her voice was edged with a sharp fear. "I thought we were going to stay here and work out your plans for the Junior! Aren't you going on with that Barry?"

"Of course, darling," he looked surprised at her vehemence. "But going back East is really part of it. It's the biggest part, for that is where I'm trying to raise the money. Why Nancy—aren't you glad?"

"Why—of course I'm glad. But you did surprise me. And I thought you were letting all your plans go."

"Isn't it silly that I never thought of you as having a family somewhere? I mean near-relations family, beside

the uncle who died. Suppose they don't like me?"

"What a funny baby you are! Suppose the aunty rises in the west? The immediate family isn't very big, just my mother and me."

The palms of her hands were wet. Barry was an only son . . . she had taken him away from his mother . . . "I'm sorry your mother isn't well," she said slowly. "Of course we'll go. Does she know that we're married?"

She saw a dark flush come under the tan. "Why no, I wrote as soon as it was settled, but my letter got mislaid. But of course I'd written to her about you before."

So that was it! Barry had written home about her, and his mother was trying to get him away from here before he became involved with some strange girl who ran a grubby little poverty-stricken ranch.

"It's too bad," she said quickly. "I mean about the letter. You must tell me about her. . . . Be a lamb and get my coat, and we'll sit out here for a while and talk."

Barry would hate scandal, or any kind of notoriety for his wife. She knew that. So, no doubt, would this mother who was urging him to come home. But perhaps nobody knew her . . . Only an hour from New York.

A night letter lay on the neatly arranged tray which held Mrs. Duane's morning mail. The tray was of silver and gold, and a collector would have sighed with delight over it.

She opened the night letter deliberately, with no doubt that it would contain, however reluctantly, exactly what she wished. There were two air mail letters on the tray, but she merely gave these a glance.

The night letter was curiously worded. "We!" Mrs. Duane stiffened.

She read it a second time, with thin, set lips. Then she reached slowly and stiffly for the air mail letters.

Barry was married! Without even telling her. Outraged dignity and thwarted hopes brushed aside the explanation in the second note. And his wife—his wife was some appalling creature from a poverty-stricken ranch!

She went back to the first letter with a scornful impatience which was slowly congealing to a chill dislike. "When you meet her, you will be proud of your daughter-in-law."

"Proud of her!" The hand on the letter shook. "He is infatuated, and this woman has hurried him into a marriage before he could come to his senses. Barry Duane, who might have had his choice of a dozen, and retrieved everything that we have lost!"

An elderly man servant appeared at the door. "Miss Pendleton, M'm."

"Show Miss Pendleton in, Matthews."

"It is very pleasant to see you again, Cleo. You are always thoughtful, my dear. When did you return?"

"Last night. Everybody got bored to death with everybody else. How have you been, and how is Barry?"

Cleo was the only child of an enormously rich father, but even outside of this useful consideration, she liked Cleo. She was herself a woman of ability and strong will and she respected the determination and cleverness under that soft exterior.

"I have a letter from Barry this morning," Mrs. Duane answered the last question.

"Is he still playing cowboy? Can't we do anything to cure him?" Mrs. Duane smiled faintly.

"I am afraid he is past curing . . . Barry was married last Monday."

"After all, the Duanees were the Duanees. Barry's mother made the announcement smoothly."

"Married! Barry married!" It was not often that Cleo Pendleton could be startled from her usual poise. "And we've all been saying for years that he was girl-proof. Who is she? Do I know her?"

"No. She is a stranger to — all of us. Someone he met out there. It was very sudden."

Perhaps Mrs. Duane felt that this much was due to Cleo, but she made her explanation with dignity.

"Dear Mrs. Duane, how hard for you! Cleo's voice was sweetly impulsive. She laid her cool young fingers over the older woman's hand, and for an instant Mrs. Duane returned the pressure."

"My dear, I do not question my son's choice. But I must admit I had other hopes for him."

"I'm sure it will be all right. Are they coming back here?"

"Oh, how nice! But it's a pity we couldn't have had a chance to get acquainted before, isn't it?" Cleo's hard little smile came back. "Oh well, we can have some dinners and dances and things, in honor of the bride. Call on me if I can help, won't you? I must run along. Good-bye."

Mrs. Duane rang for Matthews. "Matthews, Mr. Barry was married a few days ago and will be home next Wednesday. Please see that the west wing is made ready for me."

"The west wing, Ma'am?"

"Certainly, Matthews."

In five minutes the news was buzzing in the rear of the old house.

From her petted babyhood, Cleo had

FROM GARDEN AND ORCHARD

Make use of peaches, apples, grapes and tomatoes as they come to market by storing them away as preserves and marmalades for winter use. If you have no grapes or orchard, purchase these foods in season and you will be grateful many times during the winter. They are excellent preservatives—while the sugar is a preservative and a quick energy fuel as well.

Fresh Preserves
8 pounds sugar
8 cups water
6 pounds sugar

Put the peaches in a wire basket and dip them in boiling water a few seconds or until the skin slips. Test by raising the fruit out of the water and rubbing the skin between the fingers. Dip the peaches in cold water. Peel and cut the peaches in halves.

Boil the sugar and water until the syrup coats a spoon. Add the peaches and cook until they are clear, and the syrup thick. Turn into hot, clean jars.

Apple and Tomato Conserve
2 cups sour apples, diced
2 cups ripe tomatoes, cut

her own way. And now—Barry Duane was married. Barry Duane was the only man she had ever really wanted.

"I hate her!" she thought furiously. "I'll make him ashamed of his ranch girl. Sweet simplicity . . . what'll she look like in Granleigh? I'll make him wish he'd never seen her. I'll give Barry Duane six months, or less, to be sick of his bargain."

Every day of their homeward journey had been reminding Anne that instead of a struggling young ranch owner she had married a man of assured social position.

"Almost home, Nancy."

That was from Barry. Except for the deep tan he was scarcely recognizable as the same Barry Duane she had seen, open, careless, dusty and cheerfully informal.

The train was slowing down. "There's John on the platform. He doubles as gardener and chauffeur, but I do my own driving."

Barry nodded at one man, moved his hand in a careless salute to another, raised his hat to a woman. Anne knew that several heads had turned. Evidently everybody who counted knew everybody else in this pleasant old town.

The car swept away from the station and down a wide, well-kept road. They were passing a high stone wall, about midway of which a wide gateway indicated a drive. As they came abreast a car shot out of the opened gates, a swift roadster, and cut in a head of them. There was a girl at the wheel. She half turned her head as she shot across the path, with an impudent little grin and a swift wave of one hand.

"Reckless little devil!" Barry half frowned, and then laughed. "That's Cleo Pendleton. She's an imp. Does pretty much as she pleases—her dad's the richest man around here, except one, and she's the only child. You'll like her."

"She's pretty." Anne reserved comment about liking Cleo Pendleton. It had seemed to Anne that wide baby eyes had swept her with a stare as cool and efficient as blue steel.

Barry said, "Here we are, Mother!" with a touch of nervousness. He bent and kissed her, and drew Anne forward with one arm.

"I don't need to tell you who this is, Mother, except that she is just as lovely as she looks, and I am a proud husband. Nancy darling, this is my mother, and yours."

Whatever surprise Mrs. Duane may have felt as she looked at the "ranch girl" she was far too well trained to show it. What had such a girl been doing in a desolate place like this Marston—unless perhaps she had deliberately followed Barry there?

She had not intended to help her daughter-in-law, but she did. It was a chill salute, but it answered.

"My son's wife of course is welcome. Barry, my dear, how brown you are."

Anne held the beautiful old hand moment longer. "I hope we shall be friends," she said impulsively. "I do want Barry's mother to like me."

Mrs. Schuyler Duane smiled remotely and chilled again.

"We will take that for granted. I suppose you would like to rest after your journey? Matthews will show you to your rooms."

Matthews showed them to a pleasant suite.

"Like it, Nancy?"

"Who could help liking it? It's a beautiful old house."

(Continued next week)

Hints for the Household

Conducted By Betty Barclay

1 lemon, grated rind and juice

2 and two-thirds cups sugar

Cook the apples and the tomatoes,

without adding any water, until they are tender. Add sugar and the lemon, and cook the mixture until it is clear. Turn the conserve into clean

jelly glasses, and cover with paraffin when cold.

JELLIES OF ALL COLORS

What is more attractive than rows of home-made jellies—red, amber, or orange, and even black? What is more tasty than the contents of these jars when spread on bread, used as cake fillings, or served on fruit salads as colorful, vibrating additions? The fuel value of the sugar called for in the following recipes should not be ignored—for jellies are real foods, both for children and adults.

Apple Jelly

Use tart apples that are barely ripe or slightly under-ripe. Wash and cut the fruit in slices about one-eighth of an inch thick, leaving the peel on. Add water to cover, about 2 cups to each pound of fruit. Cook 15 or 20 minutes, or until soft. Strain through a cheesecloth bag and then through a flannel one. Add three-quarters cup sugar to each cup of sour apple juice, or two-thirds cup sugar to each cup of juice of moderate acidity. Boil to the jelling point and fill glasses.

Blackberry Jelly

Use sound, ripe, but not over-ripe, berries. Pick out any bad ones, wash and crush. Heat slowly without adding any water and boil about three minutes. Drain through a cheesecloth bag and then through a flannel one without squeezing. A second lot of juice can be obtained by removing the pulp from the bag, covering with water, and boiling for 3 to 4 minutes. Strain through a jelly bag and keep separate from first juice. Add one cup sugar to each cup of juice. Boil to the jelling point. Fill into glasses.

Grape Jelly

Choose grapes that are not quite ripe, wash, put in an aluminum or enamel kettle and add cold water almost up to the level of the grapes. Boil ten minutes, stirring crush. Strain overnight through a jelly bag. Boil juice twenty minutes. Add as much sugar as there is juice. Boil until it sheets from the spoon which will be from three to seven minutes. Pour into well sterilized glasses. Let

stand until jelly is cooled and then cover with melted paraffin.

Spiced Apple Jelly

1 peck apples
3 pints vinegar
1 pint water
1 ounce stick cinnamon
1 tablespoon whole cloves
1/4 tablespoon mace blades
Sugar

The spices in a muslin bag. Cook apples. Cut in quarters but not peeled, vinegar, water, and spices together until apples are soft. Turn into a jelly bag and let drip. Boil the juice twenty minutes. Measure. Add three-fourths cup of sugar to each cup of juice. Boil twenty minutes or until syrup sheets from the side of the spoon. Pour at once into hot jelly glasses. Cover with paraffin.

JAM YOUR SHELVES WITH JAM

As fruits and berries ripen in your particular locality, pack them away in jars of various sizes, for use later on—as preserves, jams, and jellies. You will find these jars of goodies valuable aids during the winter. The fruits and berries are excellent balancers, while the sugar serves as a needed quick-energy fuel.

Peach Jam

10 pounds peaches
6 pounds sugar
2 cups water

Peaches that are too soft for canning may be used for this delicious jam or bread spread. Remove stones and cut in slices. Add to water in the preserving kettle. Cover and cook until soft, stirring to prevent sticking. Add sugar and cook until thick and jelly-like, then pack in hot jars and seal.

Blackberry and Currant Jam

4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, crush thoroughly or grind about 1 quart each fully ripe blackberries and currants. Combine fruits.

Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard one minute. Remove from fire and stir in pectin. Skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 10 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

"You can't Stop stoking a steam engine" said Wrigley

Interviewed, and asked to what he attributed his phenomenal success, the late Mr. Wrigley, of chewing gum fame, replied, "To the consistent advertising of a good product."

"But," asked the reporter, "having captured practically the entire market, why continue to spend vast sums annually on advertising?"

Wrigley's reply was illuminating.

"Once having raised steam in an engine," he stated, "it requires continuous stoking to keep it up. Advertising stokes up business and keeps it running on a full head of steam."

This applies to your business, too. Don't make a secret of your product. Tell people all about it. Tell them what it does. Tell them its advantages. Tell them where to get it. Tell them through the Press and keep on telling them.

Everybody Reads Newspapers

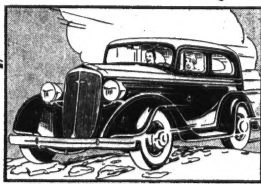
Star Advertising Pays

Advertising Service and Advice
Offered Merchants

CHEVROLET

CANADA'S GREAT SALES LEADER!

Try its
KNEE-ACTION RIDE
Today



HAVE you noticed how all Canada has taken to Chevrolet—and to Chevrolet's famous Knee-Action Ride?

Again in 1934—just the same as it was in 1933 and '32—public demand for Chevrolet cars has sent production to the highest total obtained by any manufacturer!

And if there is one single feature which more than any other has contributed to this great leadership, it is Chevrolet's bump-conquering, bounce-abolishing Knee-Action Ride! No other ride in any low-priced car

can compare with it for comfort, safety or stability! Owners themselves have proved that in millions of miles of driving.

Why not try the ride-sensation of 1934 today? We'll gladly provide a Chevrolet for you to drive yourself.

READY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Master Six from \$844 Standard Six from \$710

Delivered, fully equipped, at factory, Ottawa, Ont. Freight and Government license only extra. New low time prices on the G.M.C. plan.

Drive a **CHEVROLET**

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE . . . PRODUCED IN CANADA

Brunker Service Station

Local Dealer, Wainwright

PRINTING

With Taste and Adaptability

We Make Printing Our Business---Not a Sideline!

Buying printing is to a considerable extent like selecting clothes. If a man is doing rough work that is hard on clothes, he will buy strong clothes that will stand the wear and tear. If he is a professional man, he does not wear heavy clothes but will confine himself to wearing commercial clothes.

Printing is just the same as clothing in this respect. For the man who deals in heavy materials such as hardware, a garage, etc., a heavy type face is used to designate strength and weight. If for a lawyer where firmness is looked for, a clean steel line face of type is commendable. Should the stationery be for a lady, a type that signifies the feminine sex would be adopted, such as an italic letter. The sign painter regards the Text type or Old English as his ideal, it signifies his artistic manner and adaptness to neatness. Type speaks loud, just the same as do the words which the type characters spell. The Star plant is properly and fully equipped with a wide range of type for the various classes of job printing. This plant is one of the best equipped plants in the province in this respect.

Effective and attractive printing must first be set up in attractive and appropriate type. Coupled with this, good taste in laying out must be introduced. Our staff are skilled workmen having worked at this business (and no other) all their lives; and can offer valued suggestions along this line. After setting up type attractively, good printing must be done. Worn out machinery, dirty machinery, machinery in an ill state of repair, inferior inks for a particular class of printing, all tend to poor appearance in the completed job. The machinery of The Star is modern, all kept thoroughly clean, only good inks are used, and the printers are trained not to spoil the printing through lack of knowledge. They know how to use the good material supplied, and how to produce good work. Care is exercised in the printing of every order, irrespective of how small or how large it may be.

The constant handling of printing in this manner has trained The Star staff to handle printing orders with preciseness and without lost motions, which would mean un-called for expense. The orders are all executed economically and for that reason this plant is able to turn out excellent printing at reasonable charges.

26 Years of Faithful Service to Wainwright & District

THE STAR

Printing and Advertising Service

A Modern Immortal

Condensed from "Paderewski" by Charles Phillips in "Reader's Digest"

"Paderewski," Saint-Seens once remarked, "is a genius who happens to play the piano." But to the world at large, devoted for so many years to Paderewski as an artist, his eminence in statecraft is usually regarded as a mere freak of wartime chance. Paderewski's career as statesman was not, however, an accident. Throughout his life he had studied public affairs as he studied the piano, thoroughly. The youth who could practice 17 hours at a time to perfect a pair of hands that had been laughed at by his fellows and the man who could write, "Fatherland before everything, art afterward," could hardly escape his destined part in the saving of Poland. Moreover, 25 years in a career that had taken him into Europe's inner circles had taught him a great deal about government and diplomacy.

In 1910, speaking at a reception in Poland, Paderewski prophesied the World War: "Brothers, the hour of our freedom is about to strike. Within five years a fratricidal war will soak with blood the whole earth. From the ashes of burned and desolated cities of this tormented soil will rise the Polish Phoenix." Paderewski's apparent gift of prophecy had its basis not in any occult power but in his knowledge of European politics. He knew what was going on in the chancelleries of the Old World.

He had said "within five years." Within four years the prophecy came true; and over Russian Poland alone the German and Austrian armies passed back and forth six times, leaving 63,000 square miles in waste. The cattle and horses were taken from the peasants. Not a handful of grain nor a drop of milk, not a scrap of meat was left. Of the ten million inhabitants of the occupied area three millions were menaced by famine. In Austrian Poland the same conditions existed, the only difference being that here it was the Russian armies that overran the country.

To cope with this situation Paderewski immediately closed his piano and busied himself in Switzerland from the day war was declared. If the Poles in tripartite Poland could do nothing but submit to conscription by which they were forced to kill each other in opposing armies, he, outside the ring of conflict, could aid and do a relief organization. This relief work was the first testing ground of Paderewski's power as a national leader. When, in 1915, it was well organized, Paderewski decided he must go to America. There, the unportentous ambassador of a lost nation, Paderewski spent four years, playing and speaking in every state, turning the golden notes of his music and the silver notes of his eloquence into food for his starving people. In to the coffers he himself poured all that he possessed. Determined that Wilson should hear Poland's case he secured a conference with Colonel House. When he came straight to the point and asked that the United States make Poland a loan of a million dollars, Robert W. Wooley, Director of the Mint, who was present, interjected: "There is no government of Poland. The United States can't lend money to a mere committee." Paderewski wheeled on him fiercely. "Can't, Mr. Wooley?" he exclaimed. "The United States can do anything. She promised Cuba she would drive out Spain and set Cuba free. She kept her word. No other country in the world ever did such a thing. She won the Philippines at arms and then paid Spain \$20,000,000 for them. No other nation ever did anything like that, She—"

"Don't interrupt," House said in a voice to Wooley; and after Paderewski had finished, the Colonel rose and extended his hand: "You have convinced me. I promise you to help Poland if I can. I believe I can." And, as the crowning event in Paderewski's four year struggle came that historic eighth of January, 1918, when President Wilson included the freedom of Poland in his famous Fourteen Points. When, on New Year's day, 1919, Paderewski returned to Warsaw, the task of reconstruction which he faced was enough to stagger a giant. No other country, freed by Wilson's peace terms, had come to liberty as Poland had come, so stripped, so torn apart, so stamped into political oblivion. Here was a nation that for over 100 years had suffered the alien yoke of not one but three despots—Russian, German, and Austrian. Different tongues, different systems of education, all these had been imposed upon that unhappy land. There was factionalism on every side.

But Paderewski had vision, the gift of ordered action and the power to lead others to act. He went to work immediately. Pilsudski, one of the most romantic military heroes of the World War, with the power of a highly enthusiastic army behind him, seemed likely to establish a military dictatorship. One of Paderewski's first moves was to enlist Pilsudski's aid. In ten days they had formed a coalition cabinet; in three weeks before he appeared at the Peace Conference to claim for Poland the status of an established state, Paderewski had

specified a politically demoralized country of 30,000 people, established a government, arranged for a popular election.

Here is a picture of the scene of the Peace Conference, as Colonel House saw it: "Never before in the history of the world were there such a variety of questions to be solved—questions affecting the hopes, the fears, the ambitions of so great a part of mankind. The Conference became as a fiery furnace, and few survived its relentless flames. Of those few I should place Paderewski first. He came to Paris in the minds of many as an inconspicuous figure, whose place was on the concert stage, and not as one to be reckoned with in the settlement of a torn and distracted world. He left Paris, in the minds of his colleagues, a statesman, an incomparable orator, and one who had in his war work in America, he did more than any of his brilliant associates."

Paderewski's gift for languages was one of his assets. Wilson's and Lloyd George's knowledge of French was meager, Orlando could not speak English. But Paderewski, better interpreter for any language spoken in the Council, being master of seven tongues—Polish, English, French, German, Russian, and Italian. Viviani, the first war premier of France and himself a renowned orator, one day exclaimed, "Oh, if I could only play as Paderewski speaks!"

Paderewski was then 60 years old and he was working without let-up under a terrific nervous and physical strain. Yet he remained youthful in spirits, boyish among his intimates, affable, gracious, easy to deal with. And, as in his war work in America, he did much more than serve the cause of his own country's freedom; he became spokesman for all the "little" countries reaching toward liberty out of the post-war chaos.

On his return to Poland, where as Premier, he worked 15 hours a day to stabilize the country, he became a popular idol. But it was not all hand music and applause. There was intermittently noise of quite another kind. One morning the Reds began to assemble before his hotel, obviously bent on mobbing him. The crowd grew until the streets were solidly blocked. The white square rocked with their tumult. Inside the hotel, members of Paderewski's staff were trying to dissuade him from going out. He insisted. "He appeared at the main door of the hotel and was greeted by a roaring howl. He paused, then went on, straight into the hearts of the mob. Then he halted, looked about, removed his hat and began to speak."

Something electrifying in that gesture—Paderewski bare-headed, saluting the people—struck them into momentary silence. Then heckling began, booing and yelling. No one who has not seen a Red mob in full swing can realize the cumulative force of its anger. It is a primitive emotional force almost impossible to face, much less to control. But Paderewski went on speaking. At last they were still, listening more and more intently. Now there was no sound in that square packed with thousands of rioters save the sound of Paderewski's voice.

He ended. He stood bare-headed among them in the tremendous silence of a aliened mob. Suddenly the silence was broken—a cheer swept up to him, roaring and deafening. Men and women rushed forward, threw themselves on their knees, grabbed his coat hems and kissed them. Opening a lane for him, they lifted him into his car. Paderewski rode to the cabinet meeting that day with thousands of erstwhile rioters marching beside him, shouting "Paderewski! Poland! Paderewski!"

On another occasion, when he returned home at an early morning hour after a night-long session with Pilsudski, he was amazed to find a man in his bedroom who covered him with a pistol and demanded that he sign a paper containing his resignation as Prime Minister. Paderewski took the paper as if he acquiesced and walked toward a table as if to sign. Suddenly he wheeled and caught the man by the throat, downed him. When Madame Paderewski, asleep in the next room, came running in, she found Paderewski pinning his assailant to the floor and throttling him with steel-like piano fingers. When the guard was summoned Paderewski simply told him to take the man to the street and release him. He would not permit his arrest.

In December, 1919, when his resignation from office was accepted Paderewski had not failed in politics. As a matter of fact, no man in the war and post-war period of Europe triumphed quite as Paderewski triumphed. He won back for his country its rightful place among nations. And if there be any today who still believe that Paderewski failed, all they need do is look across the sea to that new Poland which, amidst all the confusion of post-war years, has balanced her budget, established a sound currency, exported more than she has imported, paid her bills and reduced her national debt to one

FACTORY SHIPMENT JUST ARRIVED

Truck Driver's Legging Boots

AT REMARKABLY SPECIAL PRICES

Wainwright's Leading Shoe Store

GRAHAM'S

The Home of Good Shoes

of the smallest per capita debts in Europe. That new Poland is built on foundations laid by Paderewski's hands.

But he was tired. For five years he had worked ceaselessly; now he wanted to go home to his farm. When once he could find time to consider his personal affairs, however, he discovered himself facing a condition that he had perhaps never thought of during the 30 years of his career. His money was gone. He lifted the piano cover, he touched the keys. A pleasing touch . . . a bar . . . a brief phrase . . . Could he still serve Poland in music, still spread abroad her good name, retrieve his lost fortune? At 62? After five years of absolute silence?

The first American concert was given in November, 1922. It was a triumph which left the critics and public amazed. This was the real Paderewski of old, and it was something else too. "Five years of politics," wrote one critic, "five years in the purgatory of earthly experience have given Paderewski's art new significance." The huge audience, which had literally fought its way into the hall, forced him to play an endless number of encores and refused to leave, even after the lights had been extinguished. There was nothing to do but turn them on again.

His gross earnings during the first tour of his return, in which he travelled 18,000 miles and played in 23

cities, was nearly half a million dollars. Yet no insurance company, not even Lloyd's, had been willing to underwrite it, so great did they consider the risk. In Europe his return to music was another continuous ovation. In 1932, after an operation for appendicitis, he "came back" at 72 as fresh and powerful as ever, and laughed when it was suggested that this latest tour was his "swan song." This is Paderewski's answer when he is asked about retirement: "Quit? When I quit I die!"

But popular acclaim and the adulation of millions have left him unspoiled, for the ultimate characteristic of Paderewski is his balance, in which there is no trace of the erratic. He is a rounded circle. Undoubtedly in the immortality of fame, it will be as a genius of music that he will live preeminently. He will live uniquely too as a master of statecraft. But he will live above all as a contributor to life, and as a man. For his life is a striking record of what man, raised to his highest exponent of character and will power, can do in this confused world—a challenging evidence of what the race at its best can produce.

Any bag, sack, box, barrel, keg, bottle, carton or other container of maize starch (including maize starch flour) imported into the United Kingdoms required by a new order to be conspicuously marked with the name of the country of origin.



MONEY IN THE BANK

Many women on the farm, who manage to make money from poultry or vegetable garden, keep their own Bank Accounts. Savings grow at compound interest and help to provide the little extras of dress and pleasure which make life enjoyable.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

WAINWRIGHT BRANCH - W. J. O'CALLAGHAN, Manager

CAN IT BE DONE? - By Ray Gross



PAPER BATH MATS

ABSORBENT PAPER BATH MATS STAMPED IN VARIOUS DESIGNS AND COLORS WOULD COST LESS THAN THE LAUNDERING OF ORDINARY BATH MATS CAN IT BE DONE?

Do you think this idea is practical? Write Ray Gross in care of this newspaper

FREE DUSTER

with each 50c can

4 Square Floor Wax

This Week

Wainwright Pharmacy Ltd.

Drugs, Stationery and Electrical Merchandise

PHONE 46

WAINWRIGHT

Friday, Saturday, Aug. 17-18

Spring Lamb
Shoulder
Lb. 12c

Pickled Pork
Sweet Pickle
2 Lbs. 25c

Full Line of Cooked Meats At all Times

Spiced Beef Roll, harvest special, lb. 9c

We keep your cream shipments under refrigeration until train time

Oven Roast
Prime Beef
Lb. 08c

Bologna
By the piece
Lb. 15c

WE DELIVER

PHONE 33

Monarch Meat Market

AGENTS FOR ALBERTA DAIRY POOL

J. LAIRD

PHONE 33

Difficult Times

Make it all the more imperative that you be fully insured against Fire, and that your policies are not allowed to lapse.

We represent some of the most reliable companies handling

Fire, Life, Automobile and in fact every kind of Insurance

WAINWRIGHT AGENCIES

J. W. STUART, mgr.

MAIN STREET

WAINWRIGHT

SPECIALS AUGUST 17th & 18th

Shoulder of Lamb
Whole
Pound 10c

Leg of Lamb
1/2 or whole
Pound 17c

WE CAN SUPPLY YOUR HARVEST NEEDS

Round Steaks
Prime Beef
2 lbs. 25c

Hamburger
And Sausage Meat
3 lbs. for 25c

BRING US YOUR CREAM FOR HOLDEN OR THE DAIRY POOL

Alma Meat Market

P. PERRAS, Prop.

Agent for Holden Creamery and Alberta Dairy Pool

FREE DELIVERY

HOLLAND**TWINE USERS**

The Best Is Always Imitated

Owing to another make of Binder Twine being made in Holland, we feel we should inform our many friends and customers in this district that there is only one

GENUINE HOLLAND BINDER TWINE

The brands are Queen City (550-10-ct) and Prairie Pride (600-feet), and every ball of twine is fully and completely guaranteed by the makers.

Don't Take Chances — Use Holland Twine

WASHBURN'S

"If it's Hardware we have it"

Main Street

Wainwright

NEWS & VIEWS OF TOWN AND DISTRICT

TODAY (AUGUST 15th) IS THE LAST WEDNESDAY HALF-HOLIDAY AND OUR READERS ARE ASKED TO OBSERVE THIS.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. T. Wilson, of Heath, at the Wainwright municipal hospital on August 14th, a boy.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Dickins returned from Edmonton last week after a few days spent there with relatives.

Miss Mary Meyer was an appendicitis patient at the hospital on Monday last.

A large crowd from town attended the dance at Greenhills on Friday last. McLennan's orchestra provided the music for the affair which was most successful.

The home of Mrs. L. Egan was the scene of the usual monthly meeting of the W.I. last Thursday.

As a sample of what favorable weather and hard work can be made to produce, it is only necessary to observe the garden of Mr. Good, on Main street. It is truly a "sight for sore eyes," and a lesson for many an amateur gardener. Possibly a full knowledge of the "ologies" helps some, but Lorne must feel well repaid for his labors with such splendid returns in both flower and vegetables.

Suffering from a badly poisoned hand, Mr. I. E. Wood, of the "Y" ranch north of town is a patient at the hospital this week; he is progressing nicely.

Mrs. J. E. Wilkins was a tripper to Edmonton at the week end for a couple of weeks' holiday with friends.

Having enjoyed his annual summer vacation, Mr. Chas. Horn of the Federal office staff is now back at work.

Mr. C. Sellars, of Calgary, was in town last week on an inspection tour of federal buildings. We understand that it has been decided to make repairs to the front walk at the post office which has subsided since its installation.

Mr. Eldon Rudd left for Edmonton last week, and we are informed he has accepted a position there.

Doesn't matter what you want to build—large or small—or even for repairs, we can save you money on your lumber bill at the Atlas yard. See Joe Welch.

Mr. Mike Haynes is having a number of improvements made to his farm home at Greenhills.

Mr. Dave Credille had the company of his usual good luck with him on Saturday night last. In trying to avoid a team near the Fabyan bridge he ran his car off the grade and the machine turned over. Fortunately Dave was able to crawl out from underneath without suffering any injury.

Miss Joyce Renville went to the city on Friday last to pay a visit with relatives for a short holiday.

The new beauty parlor in the rear of the Sawyers ladies' wear store is to be opened this week by Mrs. MacDonald.

After a couple of weeks at the hospital following an operation, Mrs. A. Larson returned home to Irma last Wednesday evening.

Miss Betty Cardell and Mrs. Mollette (who has been here on a visit to her sister Mrs. Parsons, R.C.M.P.) are planning to leave today (Wednesday) for a motor trip to Vancouver via Calgary, Banff, etc.

Miss Edwards of Berkshire, England, and Miss Cove of Yorkshire, England are at present doing work for the Sunday School by post in the Wainwright Mission. They and their van will be travelling around the district and the outside missions during the next week or so. On Sunday evening Miss Cove gave a talk on their work in the north country during the past two and half months. Miss Edwards read the lessons.

Mr. V. Goulet, who with his brother Lawrence was visiting in Calgary for several weeks has now returned home.

On their way to Winnipeg, and the east, where we understand they will play demonstration games at big Canadian National Exhibition the Commercial Grade of Edmonton, wor champion basket-balls passed through on Sunday's train, and were given quite an ovation at the depot from a bunch of their Wainwright friends and fans.

Mr. Camille Dupre and his wife are here on a visit to their parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Dupre this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Laird are here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Laird for a few days.

Granary lumber and bundle racks are what you will need just now. See Joe Welch for the best and cheapest lumber for these.

The superintendent of the hospital extends thanks for the nice supply of green peas which Mr. Tom Shaw brought to the institution at the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Turner and family who have been here in a visit to relatives left for their return trip by auto on Tuesday morning last. They expect to reach their home in Hamilton, Ont., at the end of this week.

We express sympathies and regrets to learn that Mrs. K. Lindseth is very sick this week. She is at the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Redgwell and their baby son were here on a vacation for a few days over the week end. They were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Bowerman, and left again to continue their tour eastward.

Mrs. Clifford Church who has been visiting her mother Mrs. Herndon at Tofield arrived home again on Saturday.

Miss Doris Parker of Hardisty is here as the guest of Miss Jean Dunsmore for a week at the lake camp.

Mr. H. Schitt is now the possessor of a new Dodge car, of which he took delivery last week.

Mr. T. Swanson, of Swanson Lumber Co. of Edmonton was in town for a couple of days last week on business.

CLASSIFIED ADS.**TO RENT**

New Hoover Vacuum Cleaner to rent; has built-in "dirt finder". For particulars phone 19, town. 15-8c

LOST AND FOUND

Couple of padlock keys have been found and are awaiting the owner at the Star Office.

J. W. STUART AUCTIONEER AND LIVE STOCK DEALER

Regular Shipping Dates
August 28th
September 11th
Highest Prices Paid—See Me For Satisfaction

Quite a pleasant surprise was paid to Mr. and Mrs. Turpin when all the campers at Clear lake and several from town dropped in at her lake cottage to wish her "Many happy returns" on Friday evening last. A big bonfire and a sing-song, as well as a dandy lunch made the evening very enjoyable.

Mr. Walter Rathwell has now completed a nice addition to his farm home north of town.

Repairs are being made to the bridge across the Battle river near the "Y" ranch this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Tierney and son returned at the week end from their vacation trip to the coast, and report a real enjoyable holiday.

Mr. G. C. Siddall drove up from Hinton, Alta., at the week end and loaded up the family to close up their summer vacation. They intend to visit in the city before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fish, sr., of Ramsey, Alberta, arrived on Saturday evening to spend a few days at the "Aquarium" at Clear lake with their son Frank and Mrs. Fish.

The Lewis boys of town have been spending a pleasant few days at the lake on a camp outing under canvas.

Mr. Ernie Dupre is a patient at the hospital, and underwent an operation for appendicitis on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Gordon Graham has now returned from a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. H. Montgomery in Edmonton. Her daughter Ellen is staying over for another week there.

There is to be a special meeting of the men of St. Thomas' church congregation. This will be held at the vicarage on Friday evening next at 8:30 p.m. when all interested are invited.

Owing to a small explosion of gasoline at the refinery last week end, Mr. Bert Stinson is suffering from an injury to his hands. Fortunately he suffered no other burns.

It was very fortunate that the accident which befell Mr. W. T. Brunner last week at the lake had no serious consequences. In driving a narrow trail in the dark with the family in the car, Brunner's car slid over a sharp bank. Happily although the car tipped over on its side, the trees along the trail held it from going down into the lake, and a few strong men next morning soon "placed it on its feet." No injuries were sustained, and the car was undamaged.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowe are spending their annual vacation at Sylvan lake for a couple of weeks.

Owing to an error by the film exchange at Calgary, the management of the theatre announces that the date for the big world championship fight picture "Camera vs. Baer" and "Speed Demon" has been postponed for one week. These will now be shown here on August 30 and 31, and Sept. 1st.

Rev. and Mrs. Bateman and Arthur returned last week end from their holiday spent at Lakeview Beach, Cooking lake.

Mr. Frank Wright is away to Hardisty for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. O. L. Michon is away to Leduc these days on a visit to friends there.

Come In and See our Splendid Range of Work Gloves—Soft Wrist Gloves and Gauntlets

All horse hide, short glove, inside and outside seam pair 85¢
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